

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 17, 1937

WHO'S WHO

LAWRENCE LUCEY has been featured in the contributors' columns of most Catholic magazines that cater to thinkers; he has had frequent articles in AMERICA, dealing with questions of crime, economics, the Constitution and government. He plies the lawyer's trade in Brooklyn, and plies the writer's trade because he likes it. . . . DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J., former college dean, former chairman of the committee on accreditation of National Catholic Educational Association, has been writing for AMERICA upwards of fifteen years. He has edited several volumes of Newman. . . . JAMES STACPOLE is resident in Mexico, is most conversant with conditions throughout that country, and will be heard from later on topics connected with the battle to preserve the knowledge and cult of God in that unhappy nation. . . . DANIEL A. LORD, as previously stated, is editor of the *Queen's Work* and National Director of the Sodality movement in the United States. . . . JOHN LAFARGE has gained his long cherished ambition of having a poem published in our columns. MARY FABYAN WINDEATT is also attaining AMERICA for the first time; she is a graduate of the West, but shedding her literary light in the East. J. G. E. HOPKINS seems never happier than when doing the sort of verse that appears on 44. He often does it without an idea of publication. SISTER MARIS STELLA, as noted once before, is of St. Catherine's, St. Paul.

NEXT WEEK, under *Scrip and Staff*, will be published a reply by PETER WHIFFIN to the strictures in the issue of April 3 together with a counter-reply by THE PILGRIM.

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AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., April 17, 1937, Vol. LVII, No. 2, Whole No. 1436. Telephone MEdallion 3-3082. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Europe, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of the formation of the American Committee for Spanish Relief. This committee is headed by Basil Harris, as chairman, and has as treasurer Ogden H. Hammond, former United States Ambassador to Spain. Its purpose is that of aiding the victims of the Spanish Civil War through the distribution of food, clothing, medicines, etc. The committee has given guarantees that no funds collected will be used, either directly or indirectly, for the purchase or the acquirement of any articles for war use. The distribution of aid will be through most reputable agencies in Spain, and will not be limited to the war victims of a single side. In this, the American Committee for Spanish Relief differs totally from such organizations as the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. It is proposed that the centers for distribution will be established in Nationalist territory but they will serve, as far as is possible, the victims of both sides. There has been a crying need for the organization of such an American Committee for Spanish Relief. It has been too-long delayed. While it is not a Catholic Committee, it deserves the most ardent Catholic support. AMERICA endorses the purposes and aims of the American Committee for Spanish Relief.

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THE DIFFERENCE between Christianity and Christian Science was all too horribly illustrated in New York recently when a young woman of twenty-three, Miss Yvette Cantwell, who explained she was a Christian Scientist and did not believe in operations, was twice carried to Bellevue Hospital (the second time by two policemen) in a state of sheer collapse from what the doctors diagnosed as a ruptured appendix. On neither occasion would she submit to an operation, and the doctors were obliged to make her sign a "pink slip" that states: "I hereby refuse hospital treatment and acknowledge that such treatment was advised by the ambulance surgeon." Whether or not this young woman is dead at present writing, we do not know. But it may be reasonably presumed that if she is still going around with a ruptured appendix, she is not likely to be in an exuberant state of health. And how successful she will be in outlawing a diseased, detached, putrefying organism by Christian "fortitude" is very much a matter of conjecture. Furthermore, only when she consents to admit that the pain is true and objective, can she become a real Christian. For Christianity is the religion that teaches not the non-existence of pain, but the value of it when accepted for the love of Christ, Who gave very definite indications on the Cross of being in extreme distress. Other things being understood, Christianity may be said to be the religion that believes in an operation for a ruptured appendix.

At least, it must admit that the appendix is there, and if diseased, is most certainly operable. On this point it differs from Christian Science as violently as any metaphysic can differ from another. And for anyone to assume that both Christianity and Christian Science are founded on the same religious or psychological premises is sheer insanity.

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SOVIET planes rule the air of Spain. At last the American newspapers are permitted to reveal this fact, but only because the Loyalist Government has chosen to permit the revelation. But the American newspapers are still keeping secret the story of the villain in the Spanish tragedy. While France officially is presenting itself as a neutral power at London, France has been and continues to be the nation which has supplied most foreign volunteers to fight in Spain, has transported more ammunition and guns, more airplanes and other implements of war, and has done more than any other nation to support the Communist regimes of Valencia and Barcelona. From the middle of February to the middle of March, it is reliably reported that about 100 airplanes have been shipped from France to the Spanish loyalists. Recruiting stations for enlistments on the Communist side are openly operating. There is easy passage for men and material from France into Red Spain. Meanwhile, the French diplomats in London are asking for the recall of foreign volunteers from Spanish soil, and French officials are dramatizing a most distressful situation about the entry of a few Americans among the Loyalists. With France completely out of the Spanish Civil War, the international complications would probably be solved.

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ANY doubts as to the willingness and ability of Catholic youth to cope with concrete problems were dispelled at the Third Catholic Interracial Conference, which took place on April 4 under the auspices of Teachers College, Fordham University. In less than an hour's time young men and women representing twelve Catholic colleges in the vicinity of New York City outlined a plan for intercollegiate activity in the cause of interracial justice, and at the close of the all-day's meeting, attended by over two hundred delegates from colleges and leading Catholic organizations, presented a practical working program to be developed in future intercollegiate conferences. Patient study extending over a couple of years, that the youthful leaders have given to the interracial problem in the light of Catholic principles, as well as the cooperation that they have received from intelligent members of the colored race, laid a foundation for practical action, while their adherence to a strictly educa-

tional and spiritual program has given consistency to their efforts. The interest taken in this work by these leading colleges shows definitely Catholic educators recognize the importance of this work as an opportunity for immediate, practical application of the ethical principles of the Church in the social field.

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SPEAKING at this same conference in a panel discussion of the lynching evil, Father Blakely renewed the suggestion that he has made repeatedly, that one way of attacking this frightful crime would be an exhaustive survey by the State of social conditions in the community where such offenses occur. Said Father Blakely: "I have never heard of one survey of this kind. Usually the case is closed by a report that the lynchers cannot be found, even though in some cases their names were known to every man in the country, except the officials. If a survey could be made, the State would have something on which a constructive policy could be based." Endorsing the proposed Federal anti-lynching bill, Father Blakely found the chief value of such Federal legislation in its publicity value. The conference went on record as opposed to weak, substitute legislation on the lynching question which would only have the effect of side-tracking the sole effective measures.

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CAN the famous Luther-song, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, change its destiny and be sung jointly by Catholics and Protestants in Germany against their common foe, pagan infidelity? This startling suggestion is made by an eminent Protestant scholar, the historian Georg Wolfram, in a recent dissertation on the origin and significance of the hymn. For centuries *Ein feste Burg* has echoed as a mighty battle-hymn against Catholics. Its stately melody, its gripping words have done more to keep anti-Catholic antagonism alive than dozens of books and hundreds of sermons. Together with another distinguished Protestant writer, the theologian Johannes Ficker, Wolfram reaches the singular conclusion that the *Lutherlied* arose in the year 1529 (probably toward the end of October or November) and was originally directed, not against the Catholics, but against the Turks. Analyzing the conclusions of these scholars, in the Munich *Stimmen der Zeit* for March, 1937, Max Pribilla, S.J., doubts whether this hypothesis as to the hymn's origin can be sustained. Evidence shows that it would not have fitted either Luther's views as to war against the Turks nor his conviction as to the supreme wickedness of the Pope. Only the spiritual evolution of German Protestantism can determine whether the bold suggestion of Dr. Wolfram can ever be adopted. But the mere fact that it is propounded is significant of a new era.

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COMPLAINING that a "decentralized, diocesan rule" is doing little to foster artistic endeavor among the Catholic nuns of the United States, Pey-

ton Boswell, writing in the *Art Digest* for March, urges American nuns to organize themselves into a better state of affairs. "Letters which come into this office," he says, "indicate that there are already, here and there, nuns absorbed in serious artistic activity, quietly working, unencouraged and against odds, toward a new and better dignity for their church." It is hard to admit that matters are quite as bad as Mr. Boswell describes them, but, in view of the fact that he is obviously trying to be generous and helpful, it might be well to ponder some of his remarks. "The immured, monastic life of a convent," he says, "even in this modern day, must still provide that zealous fire for artistic expression that produced in ages past so much that is precious today. Surely there is a stronger community of interest in doing creative things among these nuns than among probably any other group that could be assembled." And he is most emphatic in declaring that "bad art continues to characterize the Catholic Church in America." All this needs to be examined. It would be worse than a pity if outsiders began to recognize the artistic abilities of our Sisters before we became aware of this great force for good ourselves. For every artist, fame of some kind is needed, if not for the person concerned, at least for the work itself. Could there not be instituted a yearly exhibition on a large scale of the work of Catholic nuns in the field of painting, sculpture and handiwork? It would attract crowds as almost nothing else would. Our nuns have proven themselves to be exquisite in all the approach fields to art: holy cards, scrolls, vestment-making, etc. With some encouragement might they not begin to challenge in stronger fields? It is most certain that they would.

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IN the *Neues Volk*, Nazi organ of the Racial Political Department, Dr. Wilhelm Hartnacke was generalizing. Generally, Nazi philosophical spokesmen are *generally* generalizing. Writing of the results of celibacy within the Catholic Church, the learned Doctor deplors the fact that the Church in Germany "deprives 32,000 German men of the right, as fathers of families, to present children to the German nation," and that double that number of German nuns do not marry. Statistics follow in the article in long drawn-out procession. It would not be a Nazi document without statistics. But the conclusion he draws borders on the ludicrous. "There may come a time . . . when the Catholic Church will realize that, through ever-continuous annihilation of its best members, its own existence will be threatened." The Catholic Church has withstood the ravages of time through twenty centuries. She preached celibacy during the ages when Germanic hordes, little given to continence, poured over Europe and she won even them to the practice. She preached celibacy when the Protestant revolution tore some of her fairest children from her household, and she has emerged victorious. She will still preach the same Christ-like counsel when future generations will learn about Nazi philosophy from their history books.

MEXICAN PROBLEMS BESET NEW ARCHBISHOP

A majority hounded by a small minority

JAMES STACPOLE

THE NEWLY designated Archbishop of Mexico, the Most Reverend Luis M. Martínez, was born in 1881 in the city of Molino del Caballo, district of Tlalpujahua. Soon after his ordination in the year 1904 he was made vice-Rector of the Seminary of Morelia, capital of Michoacán. He remained in that important post till 1920 when he was given the Apostolic Administration of the diocese of Chilapa. In 1925 he became Archbishop of Mistia and Coadjutor-Bishop of Morelia with right of succession to the mitre of that huge important diocese. As the acting Archbishop of Morelia, the Most Reverend Dr. Ruiz y Flores, had become the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico in 1929 (he was later on sent into exile and is actually residing in San Antonio), Archbishop Martínez was for many years the immediate apostolic administrator of Michoacán.

Of medium height, light build, clean-cut features and swarthy complexion, his face has a frank and intelligent expression and sharp, vivacious eyes. He is not, as so many Mexican prelates, a student of the Latin-American College in Rome. He has spent all his life in Mexico and knows the country thoroughly. During his administration in Michoacán, the actual president of Mexico, Mr. Cárdenas, was the Governor of that state.

Archbishop Martínez has shown himself so far a very competent executive. He is an eloquent orator and his writings on ascetical and mystical topics show him to be not only a good philosopher and a vigorous thinker but also a man of intense spiritual life. He was the founder in Michoacán of the Catholic Parents' Association.

Mexico heard of Archbishop Martínez' nomination with satisfaction. The new Archbishop is young, vigorous and open minded. Remote as he has been from all the difficulties and bitterness which followed the *Modus Vivendi* of 1929, he comes before the nation with a perfectly clean slate. His natural spontaneous manner, free from all unnecessary formalisms, his friendliness and sense of humor are sure to win him many friends. But the task which confronts him is one of the heaviest and most terrifying that could fall to the lot of any man.

Mexico is one of the most baffling countries in

the world. Even Carlton Beals (who otherwise understood so little of Mexico) saw that. Mexico is an intricate maze. The reason is because Mexico, to use a psychiatric expression, has not only a double but a multiple personality.

First of all, there is the easy, obvious Mexico, the Mexico of the American tourist, of the gorgeous scenery, lovely old colonial churches, stately old Spanish houses, quaint Indian villages, delightful curios such as the beautiful lacquer work of Uruapan, the pottery of Tlaquepaque and the fascinating leather goods of Mexico City.

Again, there is the Mexico of the educational show places in the capital where spoon-fed visitors are told how truly progressive and liberal a Government is which looks after the teeth of the children whilst it blasts their souls with the most radical forms of Communism. Unfortunately, quite a number of American tourists are satisfied if they are told that Mexican children are using a toothbrush and are not interested with such trifles as Communistic catechisms. But the harm which is being done to Mexico by these schools is so great that it makes the bloody persecution of the Calles regime look like child's play.

There is, also, the juridical Mexico whose brutal anti-human laws have not been revoked. It is still law in Mexico that if a private house is used for religious instruction, that house becomes state property. The laws are still there which limit the number of priests to a perfectly ridiculous minimum. It is perfectly true that the Cárdenas government winks an eye at the infractions against the religious prohibition laws. It cannot be denied that in the larger cities many churches have been opened and that hundreds of unlicensed priests are saying Mass and preaching. It is also true that a number of Catholic colleges are being tolerated. But all this, at what price! The Government inspectors go round once a month and threaten to denounce everything if a little loan is not made to them. Of course they get their little friendly loan.

About six weeks ago the author of this article happened to be sitting in the office of a big Catholic college, talking to the Director. Suddenly the phone rang and the Director was informed that the Government inspector was there. He went down to

see him and on coming back he said casually, "It's just a little loan of twenty-five pesos. The inspector got drunk last night and has run short of money. He blackmails me that way two or three times a month. And if I don't give him money, he makes lots of trouble." Naturally the same kind of racket is extensively used against priests who say Mass or hear confessions without license. One sees why the religious persecution does not cease. In other words, Catholic life is being kept up in Mexico on a system of gigantic blackmail and graft whose proportions surpass anything the normal person could ever imagine. Meanwhile, the abominable laws are still there, hanging like the sword of Damocles over the heads of the unfortunate victims. Just a nod of the head from the local satrap and all the hounds of bloody persecution can again be unleashed.

Further, there is the Mexico of agrarian socialism, of large haciendas distributed recklessly to Indians who cannot and do not want to run them. These Indians, of course, are not given any property rights. Their holdings depend on their political behavior. In their case, property is not a way to liberty but to slavery. The Indians know this so well that quite often they have only accepted the land holdings at the point of the gun.

The following example will illustrate what is taking place in Mexico. The Dutch bought the Island of Manhattan from the Indians for the sum of \$25. Let us imagine that Earl Browder and his party having come into power should indulge in the following form of reasoning. "The sale of Manhattan Island by the Indians to the Dutch was a swindle. The real owners, therefore, of the Island are still the red-skins. Let's expropriate the actual possessors and give back the land to its original owners." Imagine further that Earl Browder did actually manage to expropriate all the actual land holders of Manhattan and to put the Indians in their place. Can anyone visualize the paradise which would ensue? Now that is exactly what has happened in Mexico with the haciendas. There was plenty of government land for the Indians. But the government did not dream of giving the Indians *that* land. They took the well cultivated haciendas of Mexico and distributed them amongst men who do not know how to run large haciendas and who further do not want to run them: First of all because they have no ambition and secondly because experience has taught them that they do not get that way as much security as when they go halves with the owners. The result is that agriculture in Mexico is absolutely ruined. The Indians cultivate small patches of ground and let the rest of the land lie fallow.

All this, naturally, presupposes a huge deficit in the Mexican treasury. Other years that deficit was balanced by the silver and petroleum surplus. How long that can be kept up nobody knows. But one thing is certain, that the deficit this year is going to be tremendous. The rent collector of a large town in Jalisco told the author only a few weeks ago that in his district, which used to collect some \$400,000 per quarter, he had collected during the last three months the sum of \$60. He had not been

able to collect his own pay, not to speak of the pay of his subordinates.

Not less interesting than the above is the Mexico of graft and political corruption. A visit to Cuernavaca, where the satraps of the Mexican revolution have their homes, is ample proof of their disinterestedness. Calles, Saenz, León, etc.—they all have their gorgeous million-peso palaces there. Nor is the Cárdenas government very backward in this respect. It is notorious that Damaso Cárdenas, the brother of the President, has become one of the richest men in Mexico. It is well known that the Communist leader Lombardo Toledano, who organizes strikes for labor reform, is willing to settle those same strikes for a little personal loan of \$50,000. It is public property in Mexico that road building, which is always done by politicians, has become so expensive that there are sections of roads which could not have cost more if they had been made out of silver, and still they are not yet finished. Such, for example, the Guadalajara Chapala road. And it is a perfect shame that, whereas the budget voted for public health is enormous, the health of the Indians in the valley of Mexico should still be so poor. Malaria, consumption and syphilis are written widely across their faces whilst the politicians' paunch and pocket books grow bigger and bigger. And so behind the smoke-screen of social reform and democratic concern for the public weal, Mexican graft grows and grows like a portentous octopus strangling all the national resources. Mexican graft is one of the seven marvels of the world.

Finally, there is the Mexico of strong Catholic faith. A visit to Guadalupe, where men pray as nowhere else in the world, not even in Lourdes, will convince anyone of that. There is the Mexico of strong loyalties and vigorous Catholic Action; of poor teachers who prefer to starve rather than serve a Communistic school; of brilliant Catholic students expelled from the university for their revolt against Communism; of countless young business men and women who give up all their spare time to catechizing the children when these are in peril of Communistic corruption; of brave businessmen who expose their fortune in order to help the cause of religion; of heroic citizens who, like those of Veracruz, take their churches by storm and stand up to the guns of the police; of heroic priests and nuns who, in constant danger of prison fine and even of their lives, go on evangelizing the plains and sierras of Anahuac.

Such is the Mexico whose Catholic destinies Archbishop Martínez is now called upon to direct. It is not so rosy as Mr. Daniels is always telling us. It is a country of down-trodden citizens ruled by a band of murderous and voracious grafters who are still being supported by Washington. It is a country whose staunch Catholic Faith is being seriously undermined by Communism. But it is also a country of tremendous passive resistance to all anarchical forces. It will be the duty of Archbishop Martínez to quicken these forces till they can completely regenerate the atrocious social and economic chaos which is festering in that unhappy land. May God help him!

TRY THE CO-OPERATIVES AS A DEMOCRATIC SOLUTION

Through them you sell your goods to yourself

LAWRENCE LUCEY

OUT of all the European economic and political doctrines that have sought admittance to America since the World War there is only one which has received a warm reception. America has turned its thumb down on Communism, Fascism and the League of Nations but it has welcomed the co-operatives. It has even become so interested in the co-operatives that it has sent a committee to Europe to find out how they operated. Can you imagine what would happen to a president who sent a committee to Germany or Russia to study their economic systems so that they could be used here? America is firmly convinced that a democratic form of government is the best form of government yet devised by the mind of man. It realizes that the democratic way of living has many defects, yet in the main it has more to offer than any other system. America is democratic minded, and when the co-operatives knock at its door with the promise to make this nation economically democratic as well as politically democratic it must let them enter.

Without realizing it, many American corporations have tried to practise one of the main principles of the co-operatives. The mutual insurance companies in theory are owned by their policy holders (consumers) who receive dividends from the company as their share of the profits. Again, many gas and electric corporations have sold their stock to their consumers and gilded their sales talk by saying what a splendid thing it would be for the community if the utilities were owned by the consumers of gas and electricity. And during the boom period many large corporations made much of the fact that their employees owned a large block of stock in the company. In its idealistic moments the American corporation has been reaching for the goal of the co-operatives which is economic democracy.

A co-operative is a reformed Delaware corporation, streamlined for the twentieth century, and Christianized according to the principles of social justice. One of the principal reasons why the corporate form is used by most American business concerns is because it enables a group of people to invest their capital in one venture that, due to the large amount of capital needed, could not be fi-

nanced by one person. The Ford Motor Company is one of the rare exceptions to this rule and, it should be remembered, before Henry Ford was able to amass his fortune he found it necessary to finance his company by selling its stock to the public. This feature of the corporation which enables it to pool the resources of a group of people is retained by the co-operatives.

Now one of the ugly features of the American corporation is the fact that ownership is divorced from control. Berle and Means in their *Modern Corporation and Private Property* have shown that only eleven per cent of the 200 largest non-banking corporations in America in 1930 were controlled by those who owned a majority of their stock. This condition was brought about by the use of the holding company which enables one to control a corporation on a comparatively small investment, and by the issuance of non-voting preferred and common stock which permits one to invest his money but silences him by refusing him a vote. There are no holding companies pyramided on top of the co-operatives, and every shareholder of a co-operative has one vote at their stockholders' meetings. Hence a co-operative must follow those policies which the majority of its stockholders agree upon; it must be run democratically.

A stockholder in a co-operative is interested in the success or failure of the business of the co-operative. He buys the goods of this concern and sits in at its stockholders meetings. He is in the real sense of the word an owner of the co-operative. The usual stockholder of a corporation knows little and cares less about the business in back of his share of stock; his sole interest is the price quoted on the ticker tape—he owns the stock of the business but really does not own the business itself.

It has often been stated that the co-operatives will eliminate the profit system. Recently one of the financial editors of the New York *Herald Tribune* devoted two columns to this absurd proposition. One glance at the financial statement of a co-operative will refute the contention that they do not seek to make profits. The following record of the Consumer Co-operative Association of North Kansas City, which sells oil, gasoline and farm sup-

plies, shows what profits it made between 1929 and 1935 and what happened to these profits:

Year	Operating Profit	Reserves	Patronage Refunds
1929.....	\$5,278.84	\$744.98	\$3,048.61
1930.....	23,678.51	5,029.32	14,804.76
1931.....	43,345.71	12,812.53	26,134.61
1932.....	27,463.62	11,681.04	11,666.70
1933.....	48,373.10	24,939.75	14,639.13
1934.....	68,500.91	40,264.85	20,345.57
1935.....	103,837.84	67,696.34	31,679.57

Part of the profits of this business went into its reserve fund while another part went to its stockholders in the form of dividends. This is exactly what happens to the profits from a corporation. The only difference is not in the profits but in the people who receive the profits. Instead of sending these dividends to people in New York or Timbuctu they were distributed amongst the patrons of this co-operative who had bought stock in this business. This group of people in North Kansas City who found that they were in need of oil, gasoline and farm supplies decided that they could make a profit by selling these things to themselves so, being moved by the profit motive, they started their co-operative.

It is estimated that at the peak of the stock-market craze in 1929 there were only some two or three million people who owned stock. This means that only three million could have shared in the profits of corporations, and many of them did not receive dividends. At present there are in the United States about two million people who receive dividends from the co-operatives. The co-operatives do less than one per cent of the total business of America while the corporations do about ninety per cent of the business, yet the co-operatives are able to distribute their profits among two million people while corporations have never been able to share their profits with more than three million people.

For those who believe that a wider distribution of the national income is necessary if democracy is to live in America (and who can sincerely doubt it?) the co-operatives offer a practical, peaceful, constitutional means for gaining this end. Suppose the co-operatives instead of corporations were doing ninety per cent of the business of America, what would the result be? Ninety per cent of the American people would receive dividends from the co-operatives. Instead of undermining the profit system the co-operatives would provide the stimulant necessary to revitalize this system which is a broader distribution of the national income.

The co-operatives are streamlined for the twentieth century because they do away with cut-throat competition that must resort to "loss leaders," sales below cost, starvation wages and inferior goods. The only excuse that has ever been offered for cut-throat competition is that it protects the consumer from high prices. The co-operatives, since they are owned by the consumer, must be operated in his interest. In his dual role of stockholder and consumer the member of a co-operative

wants to buy quality goods at a fair price and receive a just dividend from the business; he is a seller and a buyer at the same time and if he acts unjustly in either capacity he hurts himself. The co-operatives, because they are mainly owned by people who are themselves wage-earners, have always been fair to their employees. They realize the need for a living wage, and if anyone's salary must be pruned they start with the men at the head of the organization who can stand a cut better than the man at the bottom. Labor unions are recognized and encouraged by the co-operatives and for this reason the labor leaders of America look with favor on the co-operatives.

One of the great dangers presently facing America is the possibility of a totalitarian government. In Russia and Germany unemployment and economic unrest caused the people to ask the government to do something to relieve the economic condition. These governments then seized all the powers they could and began their attempt to cope with the economic problem. They failed in their attempt and now the people of these nations find that they are not only poor in the world's goods but they are also poor in spiritual goods because they have been deprived of their liberties.

The co-operatives do not use political action to accomplish their purpose; they depend upon economic action. They believe that the solution of an economic problem lies in the economic field and not in the halls of Congress. If the co-operatives find that the price of an article is too high they do not run to their government and ask that this price be regulated, but they begin selling this article themselves and lower its price.

In many States there is an arm of the government known as a public-service commission that is supposed to regulate the rates of the utilities. As a matter of practice these commissions are regulated by the utilities; they are, according to a New York investigation, a huge "joke." Suppose a utility were owned co-operatively by the consumers of its gas or electricity. These consumers would not need a commission to lower their rates; they could do it by themselves for they would have no reason to charge themselves high rates.

Neither anti-trust laws nor public service commissions are indications of a totalitarian state but they are footsteps in that direction. Both of them show just how political action fails to meet an economic problem, and both of them show how a government retains a power once granted to it after it has been proved worthless to cope with the economic problem.

For those people with a social conscience who are interested in seeing America become economically democratic as well as politically democratic, who hate a totalitarian economic condition as much as the totalitarian state, there is a solution in the co-operatives. These people can start or join a co-operative and begin to live social justice. Instead of reading, writing and listening to social justice or voting for it these people will be using their purchasing power to bring economic democracy to America.

GOVERNMENT BY GRANTS AND PERMISSIONS

A Federal official shows how it works

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOW and then, as I am credibly informed, the Postmaster General returns to a cleft in that firm wall that is called Washington. Much of the time he is on the wing. One notes a passage to the South, where he lectures to university faculties on abstruse points of constitutional law, and to legislatures on the relation of party loyalty to patronage and the Grand Old Flag in States where ugly revolt has raised an unwary head. More recently he pointed his flight to the North and found a resting place in Spring Valley, N. Y.

Here his task was to dedicate the new \$80,000 postoffice. But earnest men abhor routine, and, although the theme is somewhat removed from the new \$80,000 postoffice, he seized the occasion to enlighten the populace on a phase of the controversy over the Supreme Court. As a rule, the listener feels that what is said by this official on constitutional questions has been said before; but at Spring Valley he lifted the curtain on the Government under which, shortly, we may exist, after a fashion, if not live.

Just before I close I want to say this about all this Supreme Court fuss. We will let the Senate talk all it wants to. Then the House will take up the question, and there will be considerable talk there. After they have all finished talking we will call the roll. We have plenty of votes to put this over. (New York Times, April 4, 1937)

Reading this announcement I asked myself if in some moment of aberration I had overlooked an Amendment to the Constitution, re-organizing Congress as a bureau in the Postoffice Department. It is hard to keep track of Amendments these days, but I have heard of none to abolish Congress. We have several to abolish the Supreme Court, but that is a different proposal. I conclude that the Postmaster General, invoking that rhetorical figure by which the speaker represents the future as actually present, was merely lifting a corner of the veil that shrouds the Government they are building for us in Washington. It is not a Government founded to protect natural and constitutional rights against all majorities, however large. It is a Government, under which some get grants and permissions, and others get nothing. Constitutional rights have ceased to be.

Note the words, "We will let the Senate talk."

"Let" implies power to grant a permission or to withhold it, at discretion. "We" means the Postmaster General and the political group which gave him the job. Perhaps we shall not go far wrong if for "we" we substitute "the Administration." Very well, then; the Administration in the exercise of its prerogative has graciously decided to "let the Senate talk."

But how did the Administration acquire the right to decide whether or not the Senate shall talk? Was another Amendment passed while I slept? Or has the right been forced upon the Administration by some overwhelming emergency?

We live and learn. But I could never live long enough to love or even tolerate that kind of government. It reminds me conversely of the Government described in the subjoined paragraph.

The moment a mere numerical superiority of either States or voters in this country proceeds to ignore the needs and desires of the minority . . . and to hamper or debar it in any way from equal privileges and equal rights—that moment will mark the failure of our constitutional system.

I applauded Governor Roosevelt when he made that statement in 1930. I still think he was right. But I cannot reconcile what he said with the Spring Valley oration.

I am not trying to make a mountain out of a molehill. But I believe that government under the Constitution is a government worth keeping. With Governor Roosevelt I think that the centralization of all authority in the Federal Government would be "oligarchy." But far worse than oligarchy would be the centralization of all authority in one of the Government's three departments.

The President's famous "three horses" then become one, and the monstrosity is supposed to go along without check or bridle. The beast may stick to the furrow, but he is more likely to run away, and end in a tangle of wreckage.

With the attacks of the Administration on the Federal judiciary, everyone is familiar. But light is thrown on the motive back of them by the reason which the President assigned when he removed the late Commissioner Humphrey from the Federal Trades Commission—a removal later reversed as unlawful by the Supreme Court. The President did not charge the Commissioner with incompetency.

Mr. Humphrey was directed to turn in his papers forthwith "because your mind does not go along with mine."

The phrase is unconsciously revealing. According to the Postmaster General the country already has a Congress whose mind, if any, must go along with Mr. Roosevelt's. It seems we must also have a

"Supreme Court" with a mind trained to go along with the President's. I cannot help thinking of that flaming protest in the Declaration of Independence, "He has made judges dependent on his will alone."

You may call that Government what you will. But it is not the Government established by the Constitution.

PROBLEMS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Educators confer in Louisville the New

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

THE Catholic Church "On the Kentucky Frontier," to borrow the title of Sister M. Ramona's splendid book, always had an especial appeal to Catholic educators. The See of Bardstown, established April 8, 1808, was transferred to Louisville thirty-three years later. The diocese has given to American education such paragons of written and spoken Catholic thought as the two Archbishops Spalding, Martin John of Baltimore and John Lancaster of Peoria. Prominent in the pioneer field of American colleges for men were St. Joseph's, Bardstown, St. Mary's, Marion County, whence came the founding Fathers of Fordham University, St. Thomas, Nelson County, and that of the Dominicans at Springfield. Hence, the National Catholic Educational Association felt honored when in November, 1936, it received the gracious invitation of the Most Reverend John A. Floresch to hold the 1937 convention in Louisville, during Easter week.

But a tragedy was to intervene. The spirit of Lent had begun with Septuagesima Sunday, when Catholic educators in the United States, in fact the whole world, wondered if Louisville would survive what the radio and press were designating as "the greatest emergency the nation had faced since the World War." When, then, the delegates to the thirty-fourth annual convention of the Association assembled at Pontifical Mass in Louisville's venerable Cathedral, Easter's Alleluia had an added note of vivid thanksgiving.

While rejoicing in the rehabilitation of Louisville, the delegates experienced a note of personal sorrow in the first full realization that Most Reverend Francis W. Howard who was so mighty in bringing the Association into being and in developing it into

the fullness of its present vigorous life had seen fit to insist on retiring from his official connections with the National Catholic Educational Association. Fortunately the Association at its annual banquet was able to pay a public tribute of appreciation to Bishop Howard. All who have followed the history of the Association during any part of its thirty-four years hope that Bishop Howard will continue to favor it with his invaluable counsel.

The keynote of true education was developed by Right Reverend Monsignor P. J. McCormick of Catholic University in his sermon at the Pontifical Mass. Our country needs the leveling influence of Catholic education more than ever before. Pointing out that educational conditions have changed since the early days of American history, he said sadly but too truly: "How different is the status of the American university today whose professors often proclaim they profess no religious belief unless it be the creed of materialism, agnosticism or atheism."

Similarly the service of Catholic education was stressed by Most Reverend John Peterson, Bishop of Manchester, President-General of the Association. Moral science and moral sanctions are needed to direct the application of life's problems, he pointed out, but without the moral guidance of religion, knowledge may be ornamental, and yet carry no assurance of being profitable to man.

John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., the president of the University of Notre Dame, gave a thoughtful address at the Convention's annual banquet on: "Religion in American Life." Father O'Hara declared that the removal of spiritual motives for good conduct constitutes today a direct peril to American

life. He sorrowfully referred to the low percentage of the total population of the nation who profess no religion whatever, or the growth of crime among youth and of other discouraging aspects of the religious situation in America. The gigantic task of Catholic education both on the campus and in life is then to restore the supernatural to American life.

Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., the former editor of *AMERICA*, also addressed the convention at its banquet taking for his subject, "Education for Social Justice." It was refreshing to hear him declare that democracy is still the solution of our economic and social ills. There is no need either of Fascism or Communism. The American people wish to remain a democracy. The Church flourishes in a true democracy, which, Father Parsons pointed out, acknowledges the natural and inherent rights of man, implanted by the Creator and evident from the fact of man's creation and his destiny for an eternal life.

The program at the Louisville convention was perhaps the most diversified so far offered by the Association, both in the general meetings and in the departmental gatherings. In the college and university department, a noteworthy contribution was made to our college libraries, in fact to all libraries, Catholic and non-Catholic, whether institutional or personal, in a list of books of collegiate grade, written by Catholics, or Catholic in spirit. The genesis of this list is Shaw's list of collegiate books by non-Catholic associations in accrediting collegiate institutions. Naturally examiners, not Catholic, found it a convenient yard-stick to measure, almost mechanically, collegiate libraries, Catholic and non-Catholic. Similarly, a few years ago, a powerful regional association of colleges published a list of college books to be had in libraries of member institutions. The absence of practically all Catholic works, even in controversial historical fields, was an appalling shock. Thus Belloc and Chesterton, to give but one striking example, were limited practically to the mention of their names. Fortunately, Reverend Samuel K. Wilson, S.J., president of Loyola University, Chicago, determined to assuage the evil at least by making available a supplement-list of collegiate works, giving the Catholic point of view, first on controverted points by writers as authoritative as those on the Association's list, and then on collegiate subjects in general. Hearing of this laudable work of zeal, the college department of the National Catholic Educational Association asked Father Wilson to make his completed list available. After much patient labor by Father Wilson, in conjunction with the Catholic Library Committee and Catholic colleges, the report was submitted. While no such list can hope to be completely definitive, the present one is as comprehensive as could be desired. Father Wilson and his colleagues richly deserve the vote of appreciation which was given them by the department.

For some years it has been felt that the Association could do more good if the members of particular regions in the United States were to meet therein at least annually and discuss their local

problems. Two years ago the college department voted that such groups be organized with by-laws and officers. At last year's meeting in New York, these constitutions, similar in their general nature, were approved by the department and later by the General Executive Board. This year the following chairmen of the respective regions reported most satisfactory progress: Father Stanford, O.S.A., of Villanova, Pennsylvania, for the Eastern Unit; Father Wilson, S.J., of Loyola, Chicago, for the Mid-Western Unit; Father Rabe, of St. Mary's University, San Antonio, for the Southern Unit; Father McGarrigle, S.J., of Portland, Oregon, for the Western Unit.

That perpetual nightmare of all collegiate executives, financial problems, was treated in an unusually interesting manner this year. Thanks are due to the American Council on Education which gave the cooperation of its financial advisory service. Of especial human interest was the address of John Christensen, Comptroller, University of Michigan, on "Problems of Faculty Insurance."

The combined Seminary Departments were most fortunate in the paper of the Most Reverend Maurice F. McAuliffe, Bishop of Hartford, on "The Ideals of a Seminary Professor."

The practical program which has become a feature of the secondary-school department was again had. "What the Catholic High School Owes Its Students," the title of a particular paper, was the general theme of all the sessions. The viewpoint extended beyond the high-school period into college life in the analysis of the religion-placement test for college freshmen, and into immediate life in the search of Communism's appeal to youth. Speaking on the last-named topic, Daniel A. Lord, S.J., emphasized the fact that "Catholicism can better any appeal that Communism makes." However, this means that we must be awake, and active in expressing eternal truths in language that attracts attention. The Church has a program for man's happiness here as well as hereafter. We must stress the satisfaction to man's nature in the positive side of religion. Youth likes action and the Church has its Catholic action. It needs only an introduction to be made attractive.

Members of the school-superintendents' department met in conjunction with the parish-school department. How to lay the foundations of Catholic culture was studied under the headings of music, art, and school libraries.

In the three meetings of the Catholic blind-education section we had another and forceful example of the desire that compels Catholic educators in every field to strive to improve their technique in making themselves more useful in the service of all students, whatever their physical or social status. To bring souls closer to Christ, should be the inspiration of every teacher, be he the president of a university or an instructor in the kindergarten. This was the note that inspired the thirty-fourth annual convention of the Association. It is the note that will daily inspire all Catholic educators, parents and students. It must be the life of true education.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

HOW FAITH CAN RESTORE BEAUTY TO WORSHIP

AT my latest visit to the Church of Saint-Clement-on-the-Boulevard, I found the parish priest, who is both a clerkly and a godly man, debating with himself as to remodeling the church's interior.

He was frankly displeased with the present condition of things. "If I had my way," he confided to me, "I would remove every bit of that elaborate and unnecessary structure behind the altar, remove any number of useless objects and irrelevant 'decorations,' and rearrange the whole interior in accord with the Church's standards of fitness."

"Then what is holding you back?" I asked.

"The pain it would give to my parishioners," he replied. "They have become mortally attached to these things, and would be shocked at any remodeling. They cannot conceive anything else. As Father Feeney says of the ox and the ass before the Saviour's manger: 'They have the view but not the vision.'"

"Well," I replied, "is it not your high office, as also your privilege, to give them vision?"

"How would you go about it?"

"I would explain to them a very simple thing," I answered. "I would ask them to reflect on what they really expect art to do when it is employed in the service of the Church."

"Art is supposed to make the service attractive, not according to some abstract standard, but considering the needs of those who worship, is it not?"

"Yes, but nevertheless art, like any other servant, must follow certain laws peculiarly its own. If you engage any type of workman to do a job for you, you recognize that he is bound by certain laws governing his service. You cannot dictate to a carpenter a line of action contrary to the rules and liberties of a carpenter, without his ceasing to be a carpenter. And the same with the steamfitter, the roofer, the stone-mason, with anyone who exercises a definite trade or craft."

"What do you infer from that?"

"I infer that it is unreasonable to expect the artist, as your servant, to make things in a church, any more than anywhere else, that are contrary to his own laws of proportion, dignity, beauty, simplicity. When you require otherwise, you are not placing art at the service of the Saviour, but a mere pretense of art, a sham, a living lie."

"Church art, then, should be rubrical?"

"It should be rubrical, because one of the major laws governing the work of the artist is that it is conditioned by the destination of the work. As the Reverend Gerald B. Phelan points out in the most recent issue of *Liturgical Arts*: 'A statue that is made to portray some mystery of Faith, to foster

devotion, or to aid the soul in prayer must be something quite different from a statue that is destined to ornament a building or to adorn a garden walk. The Venus de Milo, or the Apollo Belvedere, for all their beauty of form or parts, would be hideous in a sanctuary.' The Church's rubrics, or specifications, are not arbitrary prescriptions.

"But how can this be explained to the people by any concrete instance?" asked the parish priest as we strolled back to the rectory.

My answer to this question was to refer him to an account written by Reverend Howard Carroll, of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, for the same issue of *Liturgical Arts*, which tells of the restoration of Saint Peter's Church at Brownsville, Pa.

This restoration was submitted as an entrant in a competition for remodeled churches by the Liturgical Arts Society, which was announced three and one-half years ago and repeatedly extended until last Fall. The first award was voted to Brownsville, and the second award to the Dominican College Chapel, San Rafael, Calif. This latter most successful work was carried out under the direction of Charlton Fortune and Warren Charles Perry, the latter being associate architect. Honorable mention was made of Christ the King Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

Saint Peter's was built in 1845, and was successor to a church built at Brownsville in 1795. Stone masons from Ireland came to build the church, which was "not only blessed but consecrated" on April 6, 1845, by the Right Reverend Michael O'Connor, the first Bishop of Pittsburgh. Saint Peter's was but one of the numberless monuments to piety, zeal and charity that that saintly man left behind him.

When Reverend Martin Brennan took charge of the parish five years ago, he decided not to repair alone, but also to restore, with the assistance of his architect, Raymond Marlier. Hard times in this instance were a blessing. They blocked any project of a new building, and they provided leisure for the many craftsmen among Saint Peter's laboring congregation. The work was carried out from start to finish by the free labor of the parishioners, who worked for no motive except the love of God.

The work of tearing down and rebuilding went on for five years. A splendid interior of local stone was revealed by scraping off the discolored plaster. "Strong faith," says Father Carroll, "gave the work its inspiration; and conversely, as a result of the work, came a rejuvenation of that same faith among the people. In all justice, on the day of its rededication, the Bishop of Pittsburgh could welcome Saint Peter's back into the company, and perhaps into leadership of that company, of distinguished edifices of his diocese." It was all accomplished, I believe, because from priest to people was conveyed the vision of true art functioning in the service of the Church.

THE PILGRIM

ATTENTION: STATE DEPARTMENT

PROTEST is hereby made to the State Department against the imminent violation of our neutrality laws. We would urge every American who believes that the United States must not participate under any consideration in the Spanish Civil War to make vehement protest with us, and to signify immediate approval of the investigation demanded on April 2 by Senator Clark of Missouri.

These are the facts, and they are undeniable. The Hanover Import and Export Corporation placed an order with the Bellanca Corporation for twenty low-wing, two-seater monoplanes. These airplanes have 700 and 950 horsepower engines; they attain a speed of about 300 miles per hour; they have a cruising range of 3,500 miles; they are of the type adaptable for carrying bombs and a torpedo. The order for these twenty airplanes was placed by Miles M. Sherover, president of the Hanover Corporation, and likewise president of the Soviet Securities Corporation which recently purchased 400 motor trucks for the Loyalist Government in Spain. The twenty planes are to be shipped from the United States to a French port, and are to be consigned to a French company, presumably, "Air France."

We call upon the Department of State to investigate thoroughly this transaction before it grants a license for the shipment of these twenty airplanes to France. It is obviously open to suspicion. A corporation that has very close and very intricate relations with Soviet Russia purchases twenty of the fastest type of two-seater war-planes. For whom? For a French company that is engaged in passenger transportation alone. On the face of it, there is a catch in the transaction. For what purposes does the French passenger company desire twenty of the fastest, most expensive, two-seater war-convertible airplanes?

Here is, undoubtedly, sufficient reason for the investigation by the State Department which Senator Clark has requested. Our neutrality laws must be so safeguarded that American war-planes and war-munitions cannot, even indirectly, be supplied to belligerent powers. These planes, clearly, are intended for use in the Spanish Civil War. And the State Department is obliged either to prevent their shipment to France or to demand through guarantees of an unbreakable nature that they must not be forwarded from France to Spain.

Before the passage of the legislation plugging up the neutrality laws by the present Congress, the Valencia Government secured war-supplies from American sources. It was reported then that the Spanish Ambassador representing the Loyalists had at his disposal about \$7,000,000. Since the latest neutrality legislation passed Congress, the representatives of the Valencia junta have endeavored to circumvent our neutrality laws. The Spanish Ambassador recently was said to have a bank balance of \$2,000,000. Three distinct groups of representatives of the Loyalist Government have been active in the United States seeking to buy war supplies. Let our State Department investigate.

CONGRESS AND LYNCHING

FOR twenty years an anti-lynching bill has been before Congress. It has always been defeated by Southern Senators. These gentlemen seem to hold that the bill would invade the inalienable rights of every son of the South, but we believe that they misinterpret the wishes of their constituents. This year Congress has fifty anti-lynching bills before it, all but one, the Gavegan bill, quite toothless. We do not think that lynching, or any form of murder, can be exterminated by Act of Congress, but the Gavegan bill would help. It would at least make the crime more costly.

ARE CATHOLICS

BY a vote of twenty-five to eleven, the Ohio Senate has passed the Waldvogel bill which authorizes State aid for children in privately conducted schools. A similar bill enacted two years ago was rejected in the House.

Two arguments have been urged against the bill. It is asserted that aid by the State to children not in the public schools creates a union of Church and State. The argument is refuted by stating it. Next, it is claimed that such aid is forbidden by the constitutional provision that public funds shall not be used in support of sectarian institutions.

This argument rests on a false supposition. Not one penny of the appropriation authorized by the Waldvogel bill will be paid to any school or religious association. The appropriation is in aid of parents who wish to entrust their children to a private school. That parents have this right has been clearly established by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Oregon case. What the Waldvogel bill chiefly contemplates is assistance to parents in the exercise of a right which they possess as American citizens.

But the case does not end here. Another grave issue is involved. Can a citizen be excluded from the benefit of a public fund on the ground of his religious creed?

This issue was moved more than eight years ago when the Louisiana legislature enacted a free textbook law. Under the terms of the law, textbooks were to be given all children actually attending any school certified by the State edu-

SUBTERFUGE

THE drive in Congress against the civil-service system continues. The latest example is the Guffey coal bill which, according to Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, "abandons" the principle of civil service. The present procedure is to put all jobs at the disposal of the dispensers of patronage, with the soothing promise that the recipients will later be "covered" into the system. But coverage is a blow at every principle on which the system is founded. It means that the politicians will be confirmed in their jobs for life. When will this miserable subterfuge end?

HOLICS CITIZENS?

cational authorities. Whether the child was registered in a public school, or in a school conducted by Lutherans, Catholics or Jews, was immaterial. The law was at once attacked on the ground that it appropriated public funds for sectarian purposes. In the proceedings which followed, the law was upheld by the State Supreme Court, and on appeal went to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Supreme Court held that the Louisiana law did not conflict with any provision of the State or of the Federal Constitution, and in his decision Chief Justice Hughes clearly stated the principle involved. The beneficiary of the schoolbook fund was not the school, but the child and his parents. To aid these parents was clearly the right of the State. (AMERICA, May 17, 1930.)

Thus, according to the Supreme Court, a constitutional ban on the use of public funds for "sectarian" purposes does not deprive the State of its right to aid parents who entrust their children to non-public schools. There may, possibly, be room for difference of opinion as to the financial ability of a State to appropriate funds in aid of private-school children, although in point of fact the Waldvogel bill will ease the demands made on the State for educational purposes. But no American can defend the proposition that the State may pick and choose, for religious reasons, the beneficiaries of public funds, or exclude any citizen from participation on the ground that he is a Catholic, a Protestant or a Jew.

THE COSTS OF WAR

THE best answer to the question "Who won the World War"? is found in another question put some years ago by Irvin Cobb. "Who won the San Francisco earthquake"? No nation "wins" a world war.

What we lost in man-power can be computed with no great difficulty. Compared with the losses of other nations it was not great. We can also compute our losses in money up to the present day, but no man can tell how much the World War may yet cost us, or how much it has cost us as a major factor contributing to the world-wide depression under which every nation still suffers.

Hence there was no disposition to mark April 6, 1937, the twentieth anniversary of our entrance into the World War, as a day of jubilation. We celebrated the day, as far as it was celebrated, with somber thoughts of the possibilities of another World War within the next few years—or months. We looked at Congress which twenty years before had voted us into a war to end all wars, and found that Congress was taking some note of the demand for legislation that might keep us out of the next World War.

Nations lose more than men and money in every war. They lose ideals. They lose sanity. And the madness lasts for years.

But for the moment let us turn to the ledgers and compute what the last war has cost us. From April 6, 1917 to July 2, 1921, when the peace treaty was signed, the amount directly expended totalled \$26,250,000,000. We entered the war with a compensation or insurance plan for the combatants, specifically intended to prevent raids on the Treasury in the guise of "rehabilitation" and pensions. That plan broke down before the treaty was signed. By 1920, it was perfectly clear that raids on the Treasury were contemplated. In due time the raids were completed, with the aid of a Congress cringing before an organized minority. Up to the present time, these raids have netted a sum greater than the actual costs of the war; to be specific, \$34,500,000,000.

But this is not the end. Plans have been made for further grants. The late President Coolidge estimated some ten years ago that the total bill for the World War would exceed \$100,000,000,000. That is probably an under-estimate. We are still paying two pensions on account of the War of 1812. What has already been secured by raids on the Treasury make the Civil-War raids look like the looting of a child's penny bank. When Gabriel sounds his trumpet we shall still be paying, if this Republic lasts that long, "debts" contracted because of the World War. Every organized minority is the daughter of the horse-leech, and no Congress will withstand its demands, however unjust.

It may be said that in confining a survey of war to its costs, we are assuming an unfair position. The simple answer is that every Tom, Dick and Harry, every worker for a wage, and every man who walks the streets with dread in his heart, looking for a job, pays these costs. He pays in the bread

and meat that his children cannot have, in the wretched hovel which barely protects them against the cold, in the rags that fail to cover their nakedness, in his daughters selling themselves in the streets, in his sons who swell the ranks of crime. "The glory of war" is a phrase invented by Satan. Sherman was right. War is hell.

We are not unaware that war is not necessarily evil. There can be a just war, just as it is possible for a rich man to save his soul. But war is not a nation's first resource. It is the last resource, forced upon an unwilling people who can find no other means to redress wrongs. No doubt the extreme pacifist who claims that every war is necessarily an unjust war is in error. But it is exceedingly difficult in the present stage of society to see how war can be a fit medium for the redress of wrongs, except to the extent that invasion justifies self-defense. Rarely if ever can there be any reasonable degree of moral certainty that war will redress the wrongs in question without creating more deeply deplorable wrongs.

April 6, 1937 was a day to be signalized by sackcloth and ashes. But that these reflections may not conclude on a note of pessimism and despair, we may on the twentieth anniversary of our entrance into the World War avow a solemn pledge to make every effort to create conditions that will prevent us from taking part in any future World War. What support are we giving to the Catholic Association for International Peace? What fate is the Association's cognate group, the Catholic Youth Peace Federation, meeting in our colleges? What prayers do we daily offer to the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ that all nations may unite to hasten the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ?

There is no room for pessimism or despair in the Catholic program, but only a call to action in which every Catholic must play his part.

UNION AGREEMENTS

SINCE the settlement of the General Motors strike, all has not been peace. Up to April 7, nearly forty strikes, all in violation of the agreement, took place. Approximately half a million work-hours have been lost by the employees.

Most regrettably these violations of contract give the enemies of the freely organized union an argument that it is not easily answered. When the union will not live up to its pledges, and its leaders are unwilling or unable to enforce compliance, it is useless to sign terms. They further assert that as long as Communists are kept by the C.I.O. in positions which they can use to foment disorder, agreements are not worth a scrap of paper.

According to press reports, C.I.O. leaders in Detroit have already begun to remove the "radicals" from key positions. Among those designated for removal are Wyndham Mortimer, leader of the radical wing in the Michigan C.I.O. movement, Victor Reuther and Henry Kraus, all of whom were active in organizing General Motors employees in the Detroit area.

We sincerely trust that means will be taken at once by the C.I.O. to prevent further violation by workers of agreements with their employers. Minor advantages may be won by the use of unlawful or immoral means, but unions which have recourse to them betray the cause of the worker and lose the support of the public. The C.I.O. has too long tolerated the proposition that two wrongs make a right. It should now take a definite stand against an immoral theory that have been so thoroughly discredited.

CHRIST, OUR HOPE

TOMORROW the Church turns to the Gospel according to Saint John, and reads us a message of joy and hope from the sixteenth chapter. Talking to His disciples, Our Lord tells them: "A little while, and now you shall not see Me; and again a little while and you shall see Me: because I go to the Father." The words saddened the disciples, for they did not at first understand that Our Lord was foretelling His death, His glorious Resurrection and His final withdrawal from this world to His Father. At the moment, Our Lord does not explain His words, but contents Himself with consoling the disciples. "So also you now indeed have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice: and your joy no man shall take from you."

Let us place ourselves among the disciples, and take as spoken to ourselves this promise of future joy. That we may well do, for Our Lord's promise applies to every one who tries, however falteringly, to follow Him. We dwell, as Holy Church so often reminds us, in a vale of tears. The world has been made sorrowful because men in their blindness turn away from God's law, and from the good news which Our Lord has brought us, and strive to find happiness in sin.

If we carefully examine our lives, we shall find that the source of the sorrow and grief that often darkens them is precisely this turning away from Jesus. We do not seek sin directly, which always brings unhappiness, but we do seek self. We may give up many things for God's sake, as we think, but the last thing that we give up is self-seeking. We think we are trying to do God's Will, when in point of fact we are striving to identify God's Will with what we want to do and want to have. We may succeed for a time in deluding ourselves, but it is a disjointed life, a life out of harmony with our best interests, and we sooner or later feel the pain. It often happens that we are brought to a realization of how deep-rooted is our devotion to self, only by some great affliction. "God then punishes, only to be kind."

In the calm and quiet of this holy Easter season, let us draw near to Jesus as in His glorified humanity, He talks with His disciples. Teach us, O Jesus of Nazareth, to walk through life with our hearts close to your Sacred Heart, with our minds fixed upon Your holy Will, with our eyes turned to the glory of that distant city in which one day we shall look upon You, and be happy with You forever.

CHRONICLE

AT HOME. For the first time in this country, it was demonstrated that an entire industrial racket can be put on trial and convicted. After long and arduous preparation, Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey broke the restaurant racket in New York City. On April 7, seven of the leading racketeers, who for years had subjected restaurant owners to a veritable reign of terror, were sentenced to substantial prison terms. Of the convicted leaders, two were lawyers, one a business man, four labor union officials. . . . On April 7, Senator King predicted a Treasury deficit of from four to five billion dollars for the present fiscal year unless there is an increase of taxes or a drastic curtailment of Federal expenditures. . . . The Tripartite Preparatory Textile Conference, convoked by the International Labor Organization, opened in Washington, April 2, with delegates from twenty-three nations present. . . . Final agreement was reached on April 7 for the joint operation of a transatlantic airline by British and American companies. The agreement had been retarded because of England's desire to have Montreal the terminus, with New York a mere "branch stop." . . . On April 7, Missouri, for the fourth time, rejected the Child Labor Amendment. The Nebraska unicameral legislature also rejected it. . . . April 6, twentieth anniversary of the entrance of the United States into the World War was observed widely in this country. A nation-wide poll revealed that seventy per cent of the present American citizenry believe their country made a great mistake in entering the war. The anniversary of America's entry was completely ignored in England. . . . Joseph E. Davies, Ambassador to Russia, predicted a capitalist Russia, said Russia even now is operating industry on a profit system. . . . It was revealed in Washington on April 5 that the German Government had agreed last July in Munich to pay \$22,474,736 on claims growing largely from war-time explosions at Black Tom and Kingsland, N. J. No admission of liability for the explosions was made by Germany. . . . To harness the "black blizzards" that soar up from the "dust bowl," the W.P.A., April 5, announced a new program calling for expenditures of \$1,750,000 a year. Dry-land farmers in ninety counties in Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Texas and New Mexico, under the plan, will receive up to seventy-five cents an acre for seeding and other soil protection practices. . . . Speaking in New York on April 5, Secretary of State Cordell Hull condemned the world armament race, maintained it can only lead to military explosion or economic collapse. High tariff barriers, strangulation of world trade created the depression, he said. . . . President Roosevelt on April 5 asked Congress for legislation making the C.C.C. permanent. . . . Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau revealed on April 5 that the Government would, before the end of the fiscal

year, be required to go into the market for money. Constantly mounting Governmental expenses, miscalculations in hoped-for receipts appear to make it imperative for the Government to once more start borrowing. . . . Reports persisted that President Roosevelt planned to call a world peace conference. The President denied them.

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LABOR WARS. On April 7, thousands of determined Central Pennsylvania farmers put an end to one sit-down strike. In the modern industrial "Utopia" of Hershey, Pa., sit-downers had occupied the plant built by the chocolate-bar maker, Milton S. Hershey, in a cornfield thirty-four years ago. The farmers could not sell their milk, thought the sit-down a foreign importation. All morning long they poured into Hershey in buggies and autos. When the sit-downers refused to come out, the farmers went in and threw the strikers out. The farmers then took down the C.I.O. flag which had been placed above the American flag, and scattered over the countryside to take care of their live stock. State police arrived after the trouble was all over. . . . On April 5, the Senate passed the Guffey-Vinson Coal Bill, after defeating an amendment tacked on it against sit-down strikes. Two days later, by a vote of 75 to 3, the Senate condemned the sit-down strike, the industrial spy system, company unions, denial of collective bargaining as contrary to public policy and illegal. The resolution was so devised as not to require the signature of the President. . . . Henry Ford announced he would never recognize the United Automobile Workers or any other union. . . . On April 6, the thirty-day Chrysler strike was settled. A contract to run until March 31, 1938, was signed on the eleventh day of Governor Murphy's peace conference. John L. Lewis abandoned his original demand for "sole" bargaining rights. The Chrysler Corporation recognized the union as agent for its own members only, but furnished guarantees protecting it from competition with company unions or other labor organizations. The cost of the strike to workers and employers was estimated at \$87,000,000. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, declared the strikers gained nothing, that they could have obtained the same agreement without any strike at all. . . . Governor Murphy, released from the Chrysler front, then settled the Reo truck strike, began working on the Hudson sit-down strike in Detroit. It was estimated that about 100,000 men would return to work in Detroit and Lansing as a result of the various settlements. Efforts to purge the C.I.O. of Communistic elements, who were charged with the "outlaw" General Motors sit-downs, continued. Michigan and Vermont legislated against the sit-down. . . . In the House of Representatives

in Washington a bill to make labor unions corporate bodies, susceptible to legal action for breach of contract, was introduced on April 5. . . . A new two-year agreement between the United Mine Workers and the operators of the Appalachian area, granting wage increases totaling \$85,000,000 a year to 300,000 miners in eight States, was signed on April 3.

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THE COURT AFFAIR. On April 7, the House passed a bill permitting the Government to intervene in any private suit where validity of a Federal statute is involved, and to appeal in all such cases immediately from the inferior court to the Supreme Court. This was one of the recommendations included in the Presidential court program. . . . The hearings of the Senate Judiciary Committee continued. Dean Wilkinson, of the Fordham University Law School, declared the proposed reorganization of the Supreme Court is "not wholly free from doubts as to its constitutionality." Dean Wilkinson filed with the Committee a resolution opposing the court bill signed by twenty-three lawyers of the Fordham Law School faculty. . . . James Truslow Adams, noted historian, condemned the proposal as a "new plan of government." "I see no period in which our self-government was in such danger as today," he declared. Senator Burke, member of the Committee and opponent of the measure, revealed a "very responsible official of the Government" had asked him whether he (Senator Burke) did "not realize the futility of trying to fight against \$1,500,000,000." . . . Former Governor of Illinois, Frank O. Lowden, over the air, warned farmers the proposal threatened liberty.

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GERMANY. Three Catholic priests and four laymen were arraigned before the People's Court in Berlin, April 7, charged with high treason. A vast conspiracy between Catholic priests and Communists was alleged by the Nazis. The priests are: Fathers Joseph Rossaint, Karl Cremer, Jakob Clemens. Informed sources characterized the forthcoming trials as another attempt of the Nazis to discredit the clergy with the Catholic people. . . . Friction between Poland and Germany over the treatment of minorities appeared. The Reich warned Warsaw that their treaty of amity may be imperiled. The Polish press complained the fate of the Poles in East Prussia is worse today than at the time of Bismarck. It declared the Polish minority is persecuted both as Polish and as Catholic. . . . The Ministry of Propaganda, April 7, ordered the German press, including church papers, to cease attacks on General Erich Ludendorff and his neo-pagan "German God Movement."

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ITALY. Italian newspapers are printing articles, based on official Government information, accusing France of gross violations of the Spanish non-intervention pact. Among the accusations are: Officers of the French General Staff are now in Spain or-

ganizing, directing the Leftist armies. Reports covering the ample supply of French 155-millimeter guns shipped to Spain are sent to the Minister of War in Paris. A school for training Spanish pilots exists at Iles-les-Villenoy in France. A contract for planes was signed by envoys from Valencia under the protection of the French Air Minister. The exact number and kind of planes and all the details of the contract are given. French railroads and ships are placed at the disposal of the Valencia Government to move huge amounts of war supplies to Spain. Ships loaded with war material leave Marseilles almost daily for Spain. Names, dates of departure, nature of the cargoes of a number of these ships are given. Volunteers for Spanish Leftists continue to be recruited on French soil. A committee favoring the Reds in Perpignan recently received several thousand passports for volunteers.

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SPAIN. The Nationalist high command unleashed April 1 a surprise offensive in the Basque sector. General Emilio Mola's Fourth Army commenced the advance, and after one of the bitterest engagements of the war, entered Ochandiano. Battling their way through mountain fastnesses hitherto considered impregnable, pushing the Basque forces before them, the Nationalists took successively Olaeta, Gardovilla, Santa Cruz, Hermitage, Mt. Aranco and Mandrote. Capturing twelve square miles of mountainous terrain, they fought on through heavy rain toward Durango, key to Bilbao, Basque capital. The losses of the Basque army were reported heavy. By April 6, the Nationalists had advanced far beyond Ochandiano, had seized from the fleeing foe, large guns, Russian tanks, rifles, telephone equipment, two well-stocked munition dumps. General Franco personally watched his troops batter their way over mountain passes north of Vitoria toward Durango. He saw them scaling the heights of Basaguren Urieta and Ollargal, the Sevigan Peak. His presence aroused tremendous enthusiasm among the soldiers. With Mola standing at his side, he watched an air duel, saw an eighteen-year-old Russian leap from a blazing plane, parachute down behind his lines. Nationalist planes soared over Bilbao, dropped leaflets urging the people to surrender. . . . Recent successes of the Leftist forces on the Guadalajara and Cordoba fronts were ascribed to eighty Russian pursuit planes. Their speed peculiarly fits them for ground strafing.

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FOOTNOTES. A birth-control bill passed both Houses in Puerto Rico. . . . The international sugar parley opened in London, April 5. Norman Davis, former American spokesman on disarmament conferences, represented the United States. Rumor had it he was in Europe to discuss disarmament, peace plans. . . . Former head of the OGPU in Russia, H. G. Yagoda, removed from his post as Communications Commissar, was believed to be heading for trial. . . . The conference of the Little Entente in Belgrade ended April 2. Czechoslovakia and Rumania chided Yugoslavia for its pact with Italy.

CORRESPONDENCE

DISSENTING OPINION

EDITOR: You have presented the chief arguments against the President's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court with great lucidity and vigor. The question is highly controversial and in my judgment of a political rather than religious character. Yet I must express my dissent from your attitude for the following reasons:

1. The precedent, we are told, is dangerous. I grant it, but I feel that the urgency of the present crisis justifies the use of a most extraordinary means to overcome judicial obstruction of needed social reforms. After all, Congress has the Constitutional right to enlarge the Court.

2. "It may endanger civil and religious freedom in the future." But I am far more alarmed at what may happen in 1938 than at what may happen in 1968.

3. The process of amendment, when vested interests seek to block an amendment, is long, tedious and often futile.

4. The Constitution, in my judgment, needs re-interpretation as applied to economic problems. The belated reversal of the Adkins case shows that such re-interpretation is badly needed.

5. We must act *now*. Unless we can pacify the masses now, unless we can secure strong progressive rule now, I dread a synthetic boom followed by a ghastly crash.

6. One-third of our nation is "ill-fed, ill-nourished, ill-housed." The masses are beginning, I fear, to regard the Supreme Court as a citadel of privilege and an obstacle to social progress.

7. I cast no slurs upon the integrity of any justice of the Supreme Court. But the majority, it seems to me, has too often given a narrow, legalistic meaning to the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments.

8. I recall to AMERICA the history of Turgot and the background of the present Spanish tragedy. Who can curb the power of entrenched wealth in our land? Who can end the invisible rule of wealth over our nation? Only a strong President with a great body of popular support. Is this the time to frustrate Roosevelt, to whom the toiling masses look for deliverance, whom they regard as their leader and friend? We must make American democracy click *now*. If Roosevelt fails, I fear a far more sinister figure will supplant him.

10. Finally, let Catholics "shun the least suspicion of alliance with political parties or systems which exploit the worker."

I write with all deference to the editors of AMERICA, whose ability I respect and whose sincere devotion to social justice I admire. We will not drift back to 1914. Strong measures are needed to salvage American democracy, and they are needed now. A liberalized Court would, I feel, protect civil and

religious liberty without emasculating, blocking or endangering social legislation which the mass of our nation demands and needs.

Woodstock, Md.

LAURENCE KENT PATTERSON, S.J.

INSINCERE FRENCH

EDITOR: I am convinced, as I have been from the beginning, that the chief cause of the revival of Red strength is the insincerity of French non-intervention. Officially the French Government is for non-intervention, but actually it has from the beginning connived at intervention. It allowed and, I believe, is still allowing men, guns and supplies to pour in across the frontier. It is clear, too, that Russian tanks and airplanes arrived in Spain quite recently, and this must mean that they were landed in France and forwarded to Spain. The Reds at Madrid were on their last legs in November. The foreign assistance must have come since. The French Reds want their "comrades" to win in Spain, and with a government dependent on the Communists they have hundreds of ways of going to their assistance. On that whole frontier along the Pyrenees from the Cantabrian coast to the Mediterranean the inhabitants are past masters in smuggling and know every mountain path. Besides, some of the reddest towns in Spain are convenient to it. Three army divisions would be needed to close it. But at this kind of intervention the Government at Paris connives.

An Irishman, a Captain McGuinness, enlisted for the Spanish front at Paris in October. He enlisted in a public booth set up in a city square. Seven hundred of them were sent by train to Perpignan and thence to Albacete, where they were hurriedly prepared for the Madrid front. The horrors he witnessed in the slaughter of suspected non-combatants on the way up turned his stomach and he asked for his passport—which he got after a few days' jail in Madrid. There a man said secretly to him: "You are Irish; are you a Catholic?" When he said he was, the man added: "I am a priest. Tomorrow I go to the cemetery." His whole story he tells in two articles in the *Independent* of Dublin—trainloads of recruits for Spain, while the French Government was begging for non-intervention and denouncing Mussolini.

I still believe Franco will win. He can recruit enough Spaniards from the territory he holds. The Reds, of course, have the gold. Also, if the British and French insist on withdrawal of all "volunteers," the task of withdrawing will not be easy and the French will again be insincere. They have the advantage of bordering on Spain.

Elmira, N. Y.

OWEN B. MCGUIRE

LITERATURE AND ARTS

YOUNGSTERS LEARN BLUES FROM OLDER PESSIMISTS

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

OF COURSE, every man or woman who ever had the task of teaching a class of English composition knows one sad fact: A sense of humor like a taste for cheese is the sign of developed maturity. Young people may love the comic (though with the grim tragedy that now characterizes the "funnies" in the daily papers, I'm not so sure even of that). They have no real sense of humor.

It has been my experience that young people are little short of grim in their tastes. And the barometer of my experience is the stories that they write. An English teacher who received from a student a story that showed glimpses of wit would declare a holiday and go out and celebrate. A student handing in a theme that was gay and optimistic would win an A plus and a permanent niche in the heart of his instructor. They claim to like humor and comedy and wit, these young people; they actually revel in gloom and depression and despair. They run to down-and-outers; they plunge "Winterset" into a kind of juvenile freeze. They end their stories with their characters lying around the floor like the characters in the last act of "Hamlet." They are literary pessimists; a dear and charming race of fictional murderers.

So I have always claimed. So I found them as I taught them English. So I have discovered them as I read the manuscripts which they submit for the publication of which I have some slight responsibility. Yet in my heart, despite the evidence, I kept hoping that they were not as gloomy as I seemed to find them. Youth should be the time of joy. The young man and woman sees really the brightest side of life. Then why must youthful composition reek with the stench of tenements (which most young people see only from a passing L train) and end on the minor note of a mother sobbing at the deathbed of her son?

Recently I accepted the post of judge in a fiction contest. The contestants were in the main Catholic college graduates of quite recent coinage. Many of them were honor students. Many of them were young women (they were all of the female conviction) who had been, while in school, connected with college literary journals. Thirty-three stories, the

combings of the contest, were laid upon my desk. And I spent a morning of undisturbed gloom.

Thirty-three stories, and the plots were concerned with the following charming people and episodes:

There was one murder—not too bad a showing in a day when every film character packs a gat and the solution of most magazine short stories is the forward thrust of a squat, shiny automatic. The writers were long on death in all its forms. Besides two deaths which marked the course of plot development, seven of the stories, a little better than one out of each five, ended with a natural death. An important character, usually the key character, curled up and died in the last paragraph. That does not count the chap who committed suicide, nor the two others who attempted suicide.

War was the subject of one story, though I venture that the young writer has not spent much of her life at the battlefront. One broken home gave the story its sad child character. We had three stories based on complete down-and-outers against backgrounds that suggested "Dead End," and one story of a complete failure. (Youth, at a time when it is supposed to think of success, writes of failure.) One burglar is killed in the pursuit of his profession, but another gets away with it to be ridden out of town. (The intimate association of young writers with the criminal world has always astounded me.) Ah, yes, there were two other stories concerned with the criminal classes.

One story is built around a very real ghost, the ghost of a girl killed under gruesome circumstances. In one story, a father sits and watches his family one by one walk away and leave him. (I hope the moral intended by the young lady who wrote the story was: "Don't walk out on dear old Dad.") One unhappy marriage added a satirical note. Revenge was the motive of one story, revenge thwarted by an unhappy little boy. We had one story about a chorus girl, another about a night club singer. (I wonder if our young writers ever met a chorus girl in all their days?) There was the story of a girl considering a possible abortion and saved in the end by a sudden rush of sentiment to the head. It was all rather terrible.

Of the thirty-three stories, three were really happy: one, the story of a girl going gayly to the convent; one the story of a delightful boy and girl meeting on a train; one the story of a successful courtship, the sort of courtship that any young woman might hope for. But, and this was astonishing, the happy stories were told with so much less conviction and relish by their authors that they rated no place in the list of prize winners.

Now as one who has to purvey a certain amount of fiction to young people, I find all this most puzzling. Young people protest that they like the gay. Motion picture directors produce the happy ending films because they are sure young people don't like tragedy. Youth is supposed to be the time of laughter and song; except, it seems, when youth takes its pen in hand and dips it into indigo ink and tears mixed with blood.

Well, I threw this accusation in the face of an assembly of student editors some brief weeks back. I charged them with juvenile, literary melancholia. And I dared them to tell me why they passed up the gloriously gay background of campus life in favor of the slums, and dealt with the criminals and the derelicts of life when they might be dealing with their own charming associates, and ignored the optimistic philosophy and the extraordinary doctrinal and liturgical beauty of the Church in favor of the misanthropy of Hemingway and the dark paths of the literary lions who haunt dismal jungles and smelly swamps.

My challenge was answered. A clear-eyed, slow-tongued college editor rose and flung the challenge back into my teeth.

"Yes, we are pessimists," he answered. "We do sing the blues. But you oldsters are to blame. Why, we hear nothing but the blues sung all around us, and by you. We go to church on Sunday and from the pulpit the priest shakes doleful head over the way in which the whole world is going to pot. We pick up the Catholic papers and we read that all civilization is hovering on the brink of collapse. We go to our college classrooms and we hear from the English professor an account of the 'decay of modern literature' and from our philosophy professor a stern denunciation of 'the horrors of materialism and the blight of pagan agnosticism.' I'd say that the churchmen have stopped singing the Cantic to the Sun and have in a vast minor chorus sung just one theme: 'There ain't no hope, brothers; there ain't no hope.' When we begin to hear a little optimism from our elders, you may see a little optimism in the stories we write and the editorials which echo, I'm afraid, the current blues-singing of our lay and clerical leaders."

Well, I confess I sat back feeling pretty cheap. The young editor was right, in large measure painfully and personally right. We oldsters have been singing the blues. We have been telling everyone what's wrong with the world, what's very, very, very hopeless about it. And I'm afraid that it's our tuning fork that struck the key that has been accepted by our young people.

For my own part, I have examined my conscience. Not for the next few months shall I be-

moan or deplore. I shall eliminate from my vocabulary words like "materialism" and "pessimism" and "the corruption of manners" and "the collapse of faith." I shall try to show my young friends what I really believe: How glorious is the leader we follow and how certain is the victory. After all, Holy Week with its Passion and Death was only a week, while Easter is forever.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

IT has been said that the "forgotten man" is Whistler's father. But there are others.

Notably, there is Mr. Bailey, of the firm of Barnum and Bailey. Who was Bailey? He seems never to have made an impression on anyone. "Barnum was right," we are told. Was Bailey never right? Was he ever anything, or even (horrible thought) anyone? There is a strange obscurity shrouding the name and the memory of this other partner in the management of what once was called "The Greatest Show on Earth."

A similar situation occurs in the case of Messrs. Kreuger and Toll. Of Kreuger we know plenty, all too plenty, some of us in terms of our pocketbooks. But who was Toll? Where was he hiding when the crash took place? Ought we to dislike him as much as we do Kreuger? Strange that this mysterious swindler, if such he be, never got either fame or blame for his gigantic misdemeanors.

Then, of course, there is the famous trio of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mr. Goldwyn has a fabulous reputation. He has an infinite amount of cash, persuasibility and artistic confidence. He has been quoted and photographed many, many times. I also have it on reliable authority that Mr. Mayer is existent, and sometimes makes statements concerning the progress and esthetic development of the cinema industry. But alas, never through all their scintillating partnership, and despite the fact that their trade-mark is a roaring lion, have we heard a single peep from Mr. "Metropolitan." He associates with Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Mayer in a sepulchral, wraith-like silence.

Another notably forgotten man is the third baseman in the famous combination of Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance. Does anybody know his name? As far as I can gather he never made a single play. It seemed never to have occurred to any opposing batsman to hit the ball into his territory. Did he just stand there on third base for the whole season, punching his glove? Or did the old Chicago Cubs dispense with him entirely in their infield, and leave everything to Chance—assisted, of course, by Mr. Tinker and Mr. Evers?

There is also an example of the "forgotten man" among the Apostles. His name is James the Less. He seems never to have been taken anywhere by Our Lord with Peter, James the Greater, and John. You might almost gather the impression from Holy Sripture: the less said about James the Less, the better. Except for the Church's litany, where he is now gloriously forgotten among the Saints.

L. F.

ANIMA CHRISTI

(From the German of Peter Lippert, S.J.)

Soul of Christ sanctify me
through the riches of your inner life.
Body of Christ save me
through the torment of your oblation.
Blood of Christ inebriate me
through the warmth of the Heart from which you
flowed.
Water from the side of Christ wash me
through the impetus of your streaming.
Passion of Christ strengthen me
through the might that endured you.
O good Jesus hear me
because You are so unfathomably good.
In Your own wounds hide me
because they are graven very deep.
Let me never be separated from You
because it would be my eternal damnation.
From the evil enemy protect me
because otherwise he will overwhelm me.
In the hour of death call me
because my heart then will be filled with fear.
And suffer me then to come to You
because You have loved me from the beginning.
That I may praise You with all Your Saints—
You, my Lord and my God.

JOHN LAFARGE

THE VOICE

I am afraid of silence. I am afraid
of my own soul. I am afraid of hearing
a voice—one voice above all voices—made
clear in the silence. I shall grow old fearing
this silence that goes with me wherever I go.
I cannot keep it in or bar it out.
Always within, around, above, below
it beats upon me. I am hedged about
most utterly. Surrounded. Yet I raise
even now a futile barrier of sound
against the voice in silence I dispraise,
against the voice I dread that hems me round
to which, did I but listen, I should be
afraid of nothing. Nothing could frighten me.

SISTER MARIS STELLA

NUPTIAL

There was a bride, (the Gospel goes,)
But whom she married, no one knows;
Or if indeed she even had
A likely lad.

Yet does it matter if she be
A shadow in antiquity?
That no one knows her height or weight
Or what she ate?

For of all brides who are, and were,
Not one has ever equaled her—
That misty maid from out the East
Who gave a feast.

Who was so gracious that the Lord
Came down to grace her wedding board;
To wrest the wine from out the water
And woo a daughter.

Alas, that modern brides are girls
In satin and synthetic curls—
That no man dreams on Cana's child
Who sipped . . . and smiled . . .

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

CYNICAL COMMENT

(W. H. Auden, English poet, has gone to Spain to assist
the Government forces. News Item.)

In the noonday of the Nineties it was quite a simple
game

For a man to make a trial at a literary name;
You led about a lobster on a leash or loved a toad,
Or like gentle Johnnie Ruskin you laid paving on a road.

Then you wrote a sheaf of sonnets and a brace of closet
plays,
Your heroines had heavy eyes, they sinned in curious
ways,
And you worshiped Walter Pater and you talked of art
and life
And you settled down at thirty with an unesthetic wife.

But Freud arrived and Lawrence and the sins were no
more fun,
There was no more kick in evil and the golden days were
done;
No one paid attention to your sonnets or your novel,
(And a chap who's been to Cambridge can't go pig it
in a hovel.)

So you must take up the working class and clench your
fist and bawl
While a flannel-shirted comrade lifts the rafters of the
hall,
You lived on nerves from morn to eve, your verse was
"tough, like Donne's,"
And your proletarian poems were the talk of the salons.

You played at revolution and you made it pay you gain
And the game was worth the candle till the lid blew off
in Spain;
Then you saw yourself like Byron and you went across
the sea
To drive a motor ambulance for Marx and liberty.

Now you've seen how men look dying and you've cov-
ered up dead eyes,
Now you know how bodies stink and bloat after the
victories,
You know the fear that's on you when the shells go
overhead,
You know the lice, the bombs, the cold, the dull impact
of lead.

And that's the revolution you've been shouting for so
long;
It isn't very pretty and it will not make a song,
And no matter who's the victor when the terms of peace
are set
There'll be strong men at the helm and they'll make the
people sweat.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

BOOKS

AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

INTER-RACIAL JUSTICE. By John LaFarge, S.J. America Press. \$2

TAKING in hand a topic that has been discussed over and over again for at least one century, Father LaFarge has written in cool, calm language and with disarming logic a complete plank in the large platform of Catholic Social Action. His subject is what we commonly term the *color question*. As everyone knows this issue has been the bone of contention in many a debate and argument, oral and written. Seldom have the conventionalities and amenities of life been observed by the disputants on either side. Acrimony, insult, vituperation, fistfights and even war have been the result, when like the hat this discussion has been tossed into the ring. Not so in this book, *Interracial Justice*. Father LaFarge with scholarly acumen, mature wisdom, exceptional experience, and a sanity that must needs prove embarrassing to opponents, lays before us in the most dispassionate manner, the dictates of reason, humanity, facts, justice and God. Nothing is hurled at anyone's head, no names are called, and there are no imprecations. I have looked in vain for an exclamation mark on any page. And yet the book is fiery with the cold incision of the impregnable power of truth.

The traditional meaning of the concept of "race" is first proposed and the author proceeds to show that when this word is applied to the Negroes its application must of historical necessity be used only in a wide and loose sense. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing in the United States as a "Negro race." Were the term analyzed, we should quickly abandon it in favor of some such expression as "population" group, since the Negroes are only one of the several ethnic groups in this country. And for this reason the Negro and his problems are not at all unique. The conclusion to which the author arrives with meticulously arrayed facts is that the American Negro is not the shabby, hopeless, mental and moral derelict that he has so long been called. The author does not say so, but the reader after viewing the matter from various angles will conclude that the Negro group has made, not indeed a spectacular, but a truly remarkable progress. Slavery after all is not beyond the memory of men today.

Speaking of the Negro's morality, the author says: "The conditions to which the majority of the Negroes have been subject will affect any group. They do not need to have a black or a brown skin to be upset by them. On the contrary the marvel is that the Negroes have resisted them so long and so effectively." This statement is easily confirmed. The presence of the objectionable, if you so please, in *Tobacco Road*, for four long years on the New York stage, with its long-drawn-out delineation of the low-down white-trash of the backwoods, upholds the author's assertion. During this past year, this reviewer experienced one classical example where the living conditions of whites and black being completely reversed, the social and moral situation of the two groups followed suit. And yet, as far as I could see, there was no manifestation of prejudice or hatred on the part of the Negroes, but there was, I confess, an astute or subtle pity reminiscent of *noblesse oblige*.

"One of the unfortunate inheritances of the Negro's slave past, is the scarcity among the Negro group, of a solid middle class of higher artisans or technically skilled workmen." I venture to think, however, that if a comparative study of the other racial groups in the United States were made this scarcity would be found

rapidly diminishing; and a slight advantage recorded in favor of the Negro group.

The author's chapter on "Segregation" is quite naturally the summation of his thesis. This one is a high light in social Philosophy. In a work of this kind each reader will find his own personal *desiderata*: Father LaFarge may have purposely deferred to a revision of this book, or to a separate treatment of the question of Negro Culture.

As happens inevitably in cases where the question of "rights" arises in discussion, the conclusion-jumpers will blurt out: "Do you approve of intermarriage?" The question is intended to floor one. Again, Father LaFarge does not say so, but from his recorded wealth of experience in treating with the Negroes, we shall arrive at the conclusion that, if we have been thinking that marriage with the Whites is the absorbing ambition of the Negro, we have been foolishly flattering ourselves.

May others now be induced to formulate for us the other unwritten planks in the large platform of Catholic Social Action. Father LaFarge has admirably answered the Gospel question: "Who is my neighbor?"

FRANCIS X. DOWNEY

HOPKINS WITHOUT COMMENT

THE NOTE-BOOKS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. Edited by Humphry House. Oxford University Press. \$8.50

FATHER Hopkins has had four editors to date. His *Poems* were prepared by Robert Bridges. The same book, with additional pieces, was handled by Charles Williams. His *Letters*, in two volumes, were presided over by Professor Claude Collier Abbott. And now the *Note-Books and Papers* appear under the auspices of Mr. Humphry House. Another volume, *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, still in charge of Professor Abbott, is now in preparation. Mr. House has been competent for his task and has done a most excellent and thorough piece of work, the best by far of the four above mentioned. Unlike Professor Abbott he has not entitled himself to the writing of a preface whose purpose is to be corrective of the impression conveyed by the writings themselves. "It seems best," says Mr. House in his foreword, "to make as little personal comment as possible."

The present volume has been made possible mostly by the industry of Father Joseph Keating, S.J., who patiently gathered the greater part of the material and surrendered it to Mr. House. Also a debt is due to the Hopkins family for various items they had saved and allowed the present editor to use. Two notable omissions of what Father Hopkins is known to have written in a scrap-book mood occur. The first is what he called "my meditation papers," of which no trace can be found among his belongings. Also, in the priest's diary there are "the moral and spiritual notes," crossed out from the end of March, 1865, but still legible if Mr. House had cared to reprint them, which, honorably, he has not.

This omission is bound to irritate the Hopkins debunkers (notably unsuccessful to date), who cannot tolerate the moral and spiritual excellence which all this priest's writings have so far revealed in him. They must always confuse what is private with what is suspicious; and the failure to make this distinction seems to me to be one of the rottenest moral obsessions of our day.

The present book is divided into five parts: Early Note-Books; Journal (1868-1875); Lecture Notes, Rhetoric; Sermons etc.; and finally, Comments on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. There are also some excellent drawings, bristling with what Hopkins would call "inscape," and all indicative of an exceptional talent in this respect, had the author cared to develop it. One drawing particularly, "Man Lying Down," could almost be used as a model in illustrating his theories of "pattern" in a work of art. The Journal, which takes up the greater part of the book, is alternately dry and brilliant. There is little personal revelation directly, but there is not a page which is not signed with the originality of his mind. It is not exciting reading, but one dare not skip a page for fear of missing something exceptionally precious. Everything observed in nature, language, weather, conversation, character, is "instressed" for his own personal delight.

The most valuable portions of the book seem to me to be: 1) A treatise called "The Origin of Beauty" in the Early Note-Books. It is written in the form of a Platonic dialogue, is inductive in method, beginning with the simple study of design in a chestnut leaf. It is a most revealing discussion of the subject, and most refreshing because it considers the significance of Beauty alone, not Beauty and Art in confusion. It is a splendid corrective for a book like that of Mr. Eric Gill's. 2) The Comments on the Spiritual Exercises, though disappointing devotionally (the author had entered his devotional responses in the "meditation papers," lost or burned before his death), is scintillating in subtle theological speculations. Such subjects as creation, free-will, sin, the Fall, grace, are all treated in most minute analysis and detail. The predilection is all for Scotus, and some of the conclusions possibly wrong, but it is hard to escape the notion that his mind did at times receive a "light" from God in his reveries about the foundational elements of the spiritual life. 3) The Sermons, only six in number, are a positive delight. They show a side of Hopkins' genius hitherto unnoticed. Let those who care to, speak of "the poet inevitably losing something to the priest." In the Sermons we have the most brilliant example of where the priest gave inevitably something back to the poet. And this something was in its way the most valuable endowment Hopkins ever received.

LEONARD FRENEY

PRIMITIVE CULTURE OF PRIMORDIAL MAN

ANTHROPOLOGY. By Alexander Goldenweiser. F. S. Crofts and Co. \$5

THE first merit of this book is the interesting way in which the author has presented such a wealth of material about primitive culture. Hundreds of facts are marshaled in orderly fashion; copious references are given to the literature of the science, and a neat bibliography, not too crowded and nicely subdivided, ends the book. Professor Goldenweiser touches here and there on theories which have been proposed by leading anthropologists; his own judgment of them is modestly presented and fairly argued. In this matter I point out only one defect; the writer has given too brief a consideration to Father Schmidt's work (p. 226).

Professor Goldenweiser subscribes to evolution. He argues for that of the body, repeating the cliché about somatic similarities without touching on an evaluation of the logical value of the arguments. Again, on page 6, following this omission, the author presents for his case a dilemma which is none, but rather a crude piece of logic. Evolution of intelligence is not so distinctly advocated, although it seems that the author has no idea of the spiritual soul of man. Finally, religion evolved naturally.

In this section of the book the writer does not seem

familiar with the notion of "supernatural" in proper theology. But the writer is patently not moved by prejudices in urging his opinion on these matters. In a sense, such topics as the spiritual soul of man, his primitive revealed religion, the oneness of the race in Adam, belong to other sciences—philosophy and theology—in which the reviewer suspects that Dr. Goldenweiser claims no competence.

WILLIAM J. MCGARRY

NAPOLEONIC MARSHAL AMERICAN SCHOOLMASTER

MARSHAL NEY: A DUAL LIFE. By LeGette Blythe. Stackpole Sons. \$3.50

EVER since his supposed execution in December, 1815, there has been a persistent legend that Marshal Ney escaped and came to America. This legend is here investigated with careful reference to all available documents, twenty-two of the thirty-one chapters being devoted to the career of the Marshal as known to history, and the remainder to the story of a schoolmaster in North Carolina who went by the name of Peter Stuart Ney.

Brilliant and imaginative narrative marks the earlier section which traces the fortunes of Ney in the French army through the glory and disaster of the Napoleonic campaigns. The retreat from Moscow is graphic with a wealth of details on the sufferings of the French soldiers and the heroic efforts by which Ney and a few others saved a remnant of the host that had marched into Russia.

Politics had little interest for the Marshal; he fought for Napoleon as he had formerly fought for the Republic. Sprung from the people himself, he hated the Emperor's attempts to ape the ousted Bourbons and seemed only half-hearted in his welcome to the exile after the return from Elba. After Waterloo he was selected as one of the needed victims and fell before a firing squad in Paris.

Mysterious features about the execution gave color to the rumor that it had been faked. In this book all the data on the supposed movements of the Marshal are collected from the first recognition on the ship carrying him to America down to his own deathbed claims and a comparison of his handwriting with that of Marshal Ney.

Peter Stuart Ney never tried to capitalize on his claims, but rather lived in fear of being recognized and assassinated by the agents of France. To his friends he repeatedly asserted that he was the Marshal and the death of Napoleon, followed by that of his heir, shocked him severely as though he saw there the end of his dream of returning to France on a wave of Napoleonic restoration. The identification cannot be said to have been established by the arguments here accumulated, but it is surely rendered very probable.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

READINGS FOR CATHOLIC ACTION. By Burton Confrey, M.A., Ph.D. Magnificat Press. \$3.50

THIS large volume (1,699 pages) is intended as a source book of readings complementary to a course in sociology from a Catholic standpoint. Dr. Confrey has gone far afield in search of matter and has taken toll of many periodicals. The major divisions or "units" of the book are based on Catholic Action in its relation to the liturgy, home, career, recreation, citizenship, education, publications, social service, social justice, with a final "unit" on "Initiating Catholic Action." The compiler has collated much worthwhile material which it would take one a long time to search out, even were one to have the knowledge and facilities requisite for such a search. The volume is to be recommended to all teachers of sociology, social ethics and political philosophy as a reference-volume of distinct worth. It will prove valuable for discussion of social questions among study groups.

THEATRE

HIGH-HEARTED, as always, and deserving of far better luck than he has had this season, Brock Pemberton has put on another play. Its title is *Red Harvest*, its author is Charles Roberts, it is produced at the National Theatre—and absolutely the only thing that play lacks is a plot.

I am not saying this to be facetious. *Red Harvest* is nothing to be facetious about. In some way, this season, Mr. Pemberton has lost the electric connection that unites him to his job as producer. He has given us three different plays, every one of them good and bad, weak and strong, promising and hopeless. And of the three *Red Harvest* is the worst—because it is the best.

In the matter of production, setting and acting, it could hardly be improved. Its cast was picked with admirable judgment. All those trained nurses are ornaments to their profession. I would like to have almost any of them or even all of them around my couch of pain, and I am quite sure that if Leona Powers showed up there, a glance at her fine efficiency and perfect professional form would cure me. Her acting and the acting of her associates is more than admirable. The dialogue is the simple and recognizable talk of everyday people. The setting of the drama is also superb. The scene is a hospital in Chateau Thierry during the first days of the World War. We hear the incessant roar of cannon, the screech of shells, the alarms of coming air raids. Various types of interesting men and women pass before us on the stage—nurses, soldier boys on and off stretchers, nuns, officers, aides, orderlies—dozens of them, and all of them capable of carrying their weight in any production. They talk. The nurses are magnificent. Without exception they give one an amazing sense of the strain they are under, of breaking nerves and near-collapse. A few of them, entering from adjoining hospital and operating rooms, have momentary attacks of hysteria. The head nurse and a medical major have a few differences of opinion about operations or war discipline. But if you will believe me—and I shall not blame you if you do not, for I hardly believe it myself—with all that fine company and that dramatic background and that accurate setting and costuming, not one thing of the slightest importance happens on that stage except a very brief and harmless air raid during the first act, and a more business-like one at the end.

This last raid seemed to promise something. Something struck something somewhere. We spectators gripped our seats and sat tight. Action was coming at last. But some one said, "That's the end—" and commuters who had to catch trains rose and fled. The rest of us lingered a moment longer. We were pathetically eager to know what, if anything, had happened to those nice men and women. Were they killed? Were they saved? Nobody found out.

Dazedly, and with bulging eyes, I looked again at my program. There was a sub-line under the title, which had escaped me. It read *Pages from a Red Cross diary*.

"Pages." That was it. It could be pages. It was pages. It was pages and a two-hour visit to a hospital, where we saw splendid nurses and other moving figures and caught snatches of their conversation. But I had visited Chateau Thierry right after the War. There was infinitely more drama for me during my few moments on the bridge that was taken and retaken and taken again a dozen times during that terrible day than in all the war dramas written between 1914 and 1918. There was even more drama in the cliff-holes, into which our boys had burrowed for a moment's cover as they climbed toward the enemy and death. There was most drama of all on my first visit to the American cemetery, with its white marble crosses and its far-reaching lines of dead American boys below them.

Chateau Thierry! There should certainly be something more than off-stage operations in a play laid at Chateau Thierry.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing is an able and a thoughtful man. Anything he has to do with, whether it is prison psychology or prison reform or playwriting or all three, is pretty sure to be well done.

I liked much of his prison play—*Chalked Out*, which he wrote with Jonathan Finn, and which Brock Pemberton also produced at the Morosco Theatre. I accepted the personal comfort and cleanliness of the prisoners, and their nice white beds, because, of course, Warden Lawes would not deceive us about such things. It was harder to swallow the obvious freedom of the men, and the broad stretches of time and opportunity they were given to build up their plots of escape. Again Warden Lawes must know. I did not quite understand the convenient presence of the freight car smuggling up against the prison wall so cosily that any convict could have reached the top of it and jumped into the river and so escaped. But I took that also, and the soft-spoken kindly guards, and the literary atmosphere of the library.

But the play and I came to the parting of the ways when we reached the plot. There is a plot in *Chalked Out*—a plot so hardworked, so venerable and so familiar that perhaps one ought to have a certain tenderness for it. But gentle and kind and womanly though I hope I am, I simply could not find any soft spot in me for that plot. I am wondering now if—just perhaps—it was not the thing that persuaded Mr. Pemberton not to have any plot at all in *Red Harvest*!

There is plenty of plot in *Young Madame Conti*, with which Bernard Klawans is thrilling audiences at the Music Box. True, it too is a plot of long lineage. But Mr. Klawans's star, Constance Cummings, is so magical, and the adapters of Bruno Frank's play, Hugo Griffith and Benn W. Levy, have introduced such a novel and clever twist at the end of the melodrama, that no one will complain of anything but the moral tone of the offering. Those with standards will complain of that, and just as surely the play will have a place on the black list. But the facts remain that it teaches a lesson which is as old as the plot—the wages of sin is death; that neither the heroine nor the author defends Madame Conti's life as a prostitute, nor her murder of her lover; that she has been in mental torture from start to finish of the drama; and that she herself asks nothing but to pay the earthly penalty of her sins and die as quickly as possible.

It is Miss Cummings' acting that raises the sordid play and its trite plot to the dramatic heights they reach. Audiences are cheering her at the Music Box these nights, and that is very unusual. We are chary of our cheers in American theatres. The magic of the performance lies in Miss Cummings' art.

Sun Kissed, written by Raymond Van Sickle and produced at the Little Theatre by Bonfels and Somnes, Incorporated, is just another proof of the strange optimism of producers. There is not a kind word to be said for *Sun Kissed* except that Charles Coburn acts well in the leading role. For the rest we are shown a Los Angeles boarding house in which no really sane person would pass more than a few minutes, and things take place there. Do not ask me what they were. The hero and heroine were married. No one else was. Other details dropped from my mind as I passed out of the theatre.

In short, this has not been a week of theatrical triumph. But one high, clear, clarion call of progress has been sounded. Mr. Atkinson, the brilliant, dramatic critic of the *New York Times*, has begun to complain of the diction on our stage. He says many of the lines in *Young Madame Conti* are inaudible. They are. Now if he will only keep on!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

SILENT BARRIERS. England's period of Canadian expansion has provided the British studios with matter for the film of epic quality they sought so often in the Tudor scene. The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, linking the coasts with veins of steel, supplies the high excitement and drama of the film compared to which the fictitious element is pallid. Against the towering background of the Rockies, the part of an irresponsible gambler in breaking down the barriers of space by means of the extension of the railroad is detailed in appropriately heroic terms. When he meets and falls in love with the daughter of a construction boss, the gentleman of fortune becomes a moving force in the struggle against snow, avalanche and forest fire until he triumphantly lights the beacon which symbolizes the conquest of natural obstacles by human ingenuity and courage. The spirit of the picture is intensified by the immensity and grandeur of its locale and excellent photography capitalizes this advantage to the fullest extent. Richard Arlen, Lilli Palmer, Antoinette Cellier and Barry Mackay portray the leading roles with fine sincerity and a sense of the momentous. The production is large scale and its direction bold and there stands nothing between it and an enthusiastic reception by the whole family. (*Gaumont-British*)

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN. This is a highly sentimental anecdote filled out to the proportions of an amusing comedy by the eccentric humor of Hugh Herbert. He plays the good angel to a pair of young lovers in such a continuously funny fashion that one forgets the tenuous story and the too convenient solution of its problem. The night elevator operator of a large apartment hotel befriends a young woman he finds sleeping in the cellar. His attempts to aid her brings momentary disaster and Herbert, clubman and troublesome tenant, is called to the rescue. After the routine complications, Herbert persuades a rich acquaintance to solve the young people's financial difficulties to everyone's satisfaction. Tom Brown and Mary Maguire are serious-minded persons but as long as Hugh Herbert is about there is enough wholesome humor in the picture to please general audiences. (*Warner*)

WAIKIKI WEDDING. There is not a great deal of entertainment in this complex musical comedy apart from the vocalizations of Bing Crosby and the Arkansas witticisms of Bob Burns. The story takes itself too seriously, forgetting its close kinship to the traditionally insignificant libretto. A personable young lady wins a contest trip to Hawaii in a campaign to make the United States pineapple conscious and runs into difficulties with the Chamber of Commerce and other ferocious individuals, including superstitious natives avenging an outraged idol. It's all a bit too ambitious for the musical comedy mold and puts added strain on a few pleasant tunes and the Crosby charm. Shirley Ross sings well in the heroine's role and Martha Raye supplies her usual quota of boisterous and rather tasteless clowning. The picture is unobjectionable for family patronage. (*Paramount*)

SONG OF THE CITY. The regeneration of a playboy in the shadow of the simple life is the unoriginal theme of this film. Rescued by a family of Italian fishermen when he throws himself off a ferry boat, the bored young man joins the household and is privileged to glimpse the warm humanity of the poor. He finds love and a new meaning in life from his surroundings. There are some good scenes of the fishing fleet, and Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey Dean and J. Carroll Naish make the story interesting for uncritical audiences of any age. (*MGM*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

THE thinness of the line distinguishing the eccentric from the bizarre was emphasized by the week's news. . . . An Englishman's will provided that a laundry van be used instead of a hearse at his funeral. . . . Society ladies in Yugoslavia inaugurated the vogue of promenading with lambs instead of dogs. Efforts of lambs to muscle-in on the fashionable pet world may drive dogs to alleys, just as the auto made wall-flowers out of many hard-working mules, fashionable-status experts feared. . . . A certain latent inability of insects and rhinoceroses to adjust themselves to the complexities of modern life was suspected. A New York spider pushed a truck into a canal. The spider dangled before the driver's eyes; the driver, displeased, swung at the spider; the truck swung into the canal. . . . A rhinoceros charged into a locomotive, derailed a train in Africa. Rhinoceros-catchers on African locomotives may result if rhinoceroses do not cease such obstructive tactics, Africans said. . . . That modern civilization will not tolerate monkeys going around cities biting people became clear when a London girl was handed heavy damages after being bitten by a monkey. . . . Economic maladjustments continued protruding. Many youths eager for the career of bell-boy found themselves rejected because the hotel uniforms did not fit them. . . . A more humane attitude toward bank employes was glimpsed. Better ventilating systems for bank vaults will be provided enabling employes to breathe more freely when herded into vaults by "Public Rats" staging a hold-up. . . . Teethprints left on a piece of cheese helped police to trail a thief. . . . Antique automobiles will not be barred from the Jersey highways, an announcement revealed. The cars must have brakes, however, and also lights for night time, authorities decided. . . . A new form of bridge tournament was held in New York. Penalties were imposed for guffawing, gloating, chortling, grimacing, groaning, kibitzing. . . .

Perspiring archeologists attempting to discover when hairpins first appeared in the world excavated a pile of ancient hairpins, announced mankind used hairpins thousands of years ago. The antiquity of the Turkish bath was also established. . . . The disadvantage of being weak at figures was illustrated. Workmen entered a house in Pennsylvania, papered the rooms, decorated the bathroom, repaired a chimney; then discovered they were in the wrong house. . . . An effort to bring about chummier relations between American and English butlers, footmen, parlor maids, was launched. King George's footman could not attend the recent Butlers' Ball in New York, forwarded the politest regrets. . . . For his forthcoming coronation, King George invited two working men, two working women to sit with the aristocracy near the throne. The social scene is changing. George's successor may issue invitations to two aristocrats to sit with the thousands of workingmen near the throne. . . . Senator Minton of Indiana, wrote a letter headed: "Dear General" to General St. Clair, who died in 1818.

Dr. Karl Landsteiner, Nobel Prize winner, a convert to the Catholic Church fifty years ago, is striving to keep his name out of "Who's Who in American Jewry." He says his son has no suspicions his ancestors are Jewish, that "his Christian friends may shun him and say things to hurt his feelings." One doing that would scarcely be a very good Christian or much of a friend. Jewish blood has flown through some very distinguished individuals. We recall, at the moment, a lady named Mary, who had Jewish blood. She had a son through Whose veins trickled no other kind of blood but Jewish. The first Pope of the Catholic Church had only one kind of blood, Jewish. Christians cannot very logically speak sneeringly about Jewish blood.

THE PARADER